

New Jersey

"AFTER HOURS"

October 6, 1949

The Weekly Guide To Entertainment

Published weekly at 130 Wickliffe St. Newark, N. J., by the AFTER HOURS PUBLISHING CO., Harry B. Webber, editor; Carl Brinson, manager; Albert Madison, Art Editor. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription \$4.50 a year, \$2.50 6 months, 13 weeks \$1.00.

My Greatest Night Life Thrill

By LOUIS PITTS, Jr.

Frankly, it was the night in March of 1944 when I blew in \$130. on 52nd Street. Yes, that was my greatest night life thrill. A party of us had left Newark at 11 P. M.,....Gracie Johnson whose birthday was that day, Dorothy Fulford and later we joined Miss Rhapsody and Gracie Smith, widely known stars.

I broke a \$50 bill at Murrain's Tavern, then took the party in hard to get cabs down to Kelly's Stables where Coleman Hawkins was featured. From there we heard Clark Monroe and Billy Holliday at the Onyx Club, Art Tatum, Ben Webster and Slam Stewart at the Downbeat. At the last named place they saluted our party with "Happy Birthday To You".

I guess the point in the evening where everything seemed liveliest and I decided I did not regret grabbing all them high priced waiters' checks was when we ended up at a West 138th Street "after hour" joint. Everything was mellow then.

All the places were filled with wartime crowds and uniforms were everywhere as well as countless celebrities. I did not begin to regret anything until we got back home at 7 in the early bright. But when I thought it over, it was all worth it.

The Inside Story

By BUTLER WEBB

Musicians seeking new song tunes might drop into Emanuel Church of Christ near Lloyd's Manor and listen to the singing; heard one number that sounded like "Praise Him-la-la-la-la", it races up and down the scales in glittering cadences. Pope Davis' red "church in a manger" on Baldwin Street drawing crowds; total investment in third ward churches is near half million. There is a great interest in church quartette music as in rebop; After Hours had hoped to enlist that star writer, Bernice Bass, along this line but we acted too late. . the job is still open.

4 The Thompson girl's piano act at Downbeat slightly too classy for Newark; should insert more heavy blues numbers . . by the way does the torch burn there on "Google Eyes" part. . big party on way for Melvin Coleman's daughter, with Savannah Churchill and other top-notchers honor guests. . Irving Turner has taken over Aljumi House bar management with a partner. . Telegram Newspapers dropped big bankroll by cutting out "Shadow" in Jersey edition, replacing it with good spot news; original policy resumed some weeks ago. . Bob Queen, by the way, working on an Akron, Ohio paper. . Mary Louise Twyman biggie on a deep southern newspaper, Georgia I believe.

Bartenders Union dug the "T" Bar and "Novelty" on Market Street for hav-

ing none of our bartenders. . Louis Pitts of Bridge Club may join our staff. . Jimmie Fultz, Owl Club tycoon, covers more miles weekly than any Jerseyite as elk state prexy. . George Thompson, Record editor has a play that may hit Broadway. . scrapbook of all Sally Cooke's society columns would be perfect history of Jersey Society.

Sherry Birner's etchings still a subject he won't discuss. . add new cars in town: Atty. Roger M. Yancey, Marjorie Moore Van Dyke, Matthew Wollard. . good name for William Cash, the auto salesman: "Esquire Man". . man with one of the best memories for names: "J. B." of the 42nd Club. . X-23 biggie, Donald Stokes, writes all his own ads, and they sell. Janet Beadle's "Along Fifth Ave." at Rockland Palace, N. Y. and Cosmotologists Guild shindig on same night leading to interesting battle; neither will change date.

Tyler's Chicken Shack may tangle with Bartender's Union on wages. . amazing growth of after hours spots is newest night life development; hidden places with bars are springing up right and left. Soon the town will be like Philly and other places where night life does not begin until after regular closing hours. Prices are reasonable. . all want to advertise, but can't and you meet such interesting people there.

The Inside Story

New writers: send your manuscripts to "After Hours" Younger-set columns dealing with social and night life desired from Hudson, Passaic, Bergen, Union, Middlesex, Monmouth...in fact anywhere in the state. Moe Jones, the writer, is also bartender at Corprew's Tavern... Atty. Louis Saunders of Jersey City highest paid political office-holder in the state; \$8,500 as assistant corporation counsel; also one of the state's most eligible bachelors. latest fad in town: calypso parties.

Elder Benjamin Broadie may blast the "Hucklebuck" over the air...surprising the number of younger folk who don't drink. Alice Richards, cute physician secretary not only expert at typing and shorthand but also sings; waxed a disc recently at Coleman Studio. pretty Joyce White, daughter of Mrs. Gladys White Jones, due to wed this month... the gray-eyed Burrell lad, just out of Army hurrying with briefcase on Market Street, all tweeded out with briar pipe and everything, definitely a catch. Wendy Felton of Bloomfield still the top ballroom dancer, knows but seldom executes the modern steps. paging "Skip" Coleman of Paterson, has the wedding taken place? Mrs. Marcus H. Cooke of Montclair just back from the coast... where, O, where is Bill Thomas the ad man?

PREDICTIONS: 1. Rev. H. Beecher Jackson will almost beat the murder rap.
2. The two new numbers banks will be whipped into line.



Mrs. Ethel Conover (above) and Tossaint Ware gallantly stepped aside in last week's meeting called by Sheriff Becker to decide whether Brewer or Ware is ward chairman. Ware got 13 votes of the total 20. 3 district leaders were absent, Brewer won 4 votes. However, Ware and Mrs. Conover, vice chairman, stepped aside to allow Brewer to serve out his term up to next primaries in interest of

Spruce Street

CHAPTER 1

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

The wail of the police siren split the nocturnal atmosphere like an atom blast, as officer Tom Jackson swerved the little black coupe around the corner of Belmont Avenue into the riot of confusion that was Spruce Street. It was 9 o'clock exactly, on one of those hectic Saturday nights in late Summer in 1948, when Spruce St. was alive with every description of humanity. It was a typical Saturday night in Newark where knife-wielding profanity, liquor drinking and drunken brawls were the usual order. Officer Jackson cursed softly as he jammed on the brakes to avoid hitting an empty vegetable wagon which was turning into Charlton Street enroute back to the wholesale warehouse on Montgomery St. The car continued on its way cutting the corner of Broome Street shortly and came to a stop in front of a large crowd which had gathered in the middle of the block.

Two car doors slammed simultaneously as Officer Jackson and his companion leaped out and made their way through the wide swath which had opened in the crowd.

By ALBERT E. HART
(Author of "Prince St." "Arlington St."
"Let My Husband Go?" etc.)

Sprawled on the sidewalk with one leg in the filthy Broome Street gutter, lay a young man who looked to be about 25 years old. His lifeless eyes stared up into the moonlit Newark sky and his bloody hands were still clutched to his stomach. A pool of blood lay glistening around him and the entire front part of his shirt was a crimson mass.

Officer Jackson glanced briefly at the gory mess on the sidewalk and then he barked to the crowd.

"Anybody see who did this?"

Nothing but silence greeted the query.

"Somebody better start talking or I'll take the whole damn bunch of you and lock you up."

The silence only became deeper as the crowd stood mute.

"Oh well, I should have known better," Jackson mumbled as he turned away from the crowd, went up to his police car and switched on the two way radio. He knew that the only thing that crowd hated worse than cops was more cops. He knew he'd never get anything out of them.

"Jackson reporting. Send the wagon to 817 Broome St. There's a guy laying here in the gutter with his guts all over the place. Yes, he's plenty dead. O. K. we'll stand by."



"There were two lustful people in that room . . . two minds with one thought"

Spruce Street

The crowd started to disperse. They didn't want to be around when the homicide "dicks" arrived. Most of them had been in the toils of the law before. They had no desire to be taken down to headquarters.

A few minutes later a large sedan pulled to a halt at the scene. Four fat ruddy faced, detectives got out and scrutinized the crowd. They noticed a young, black-faced girl crying and looking down at the body. Grabbing her, they asked her roughly.

"Know who this guy is?"

"Yes. I know him," the girl sobbed. "He's my boy friend. His name's Speedy."

"Speedy what?" The detective started writing.

"Speedy Roberts," sniffed the girl.

..Where'd he live?"

"1917 Montgomery Street"

"Know anybody who'd want to kill him?"

"I don't know nothin'. Please leave me alone? Oh Speedy, Speedy. My Speedy."

The thin girl, hysterical now, stood shaking there beside the body of her man. She wore a bright green dress that

needed pressing and her feet were encased in green flat shoes. An imitation pearl necklace shimmered with the movements of her body.

Suddenly she wailed again and sank to the sidewalk in a heap as if fainting. She had covered her face with her hands as if to shut out the gruesome sight, as if to drive away the cruel reality. But the detectives helped her back to her feet and put her into the sedan. As they led her away, however, she continued to look back at the bloody curb. As she entered the car she lifted a hand which clasped a balled-up handkerchief. A tiny stone gleamed in the night from a ring on that hand. The hand had been raised in a futile gesture of farewell. But only a few in the dwindling crowd noticed it. They were too busy watching the police photographer and the coroner who had arrived. Pictures were taken and then the body was placed on a stretcher and into the wagon which clanged off up the street.

The wagon sped out Broome and crossed Kinney Street but naturally no one in it noticed two figures hurrying up West Kinney. One was a tall handsome man who wore a light gray plaid suit and a light hat with a broad rim. His right hand was thrust deep into his side coat pocket. Hurrying along beside him was a young girl about 19. She wore a maroon summer dress and white shoes



At Sunday opening of Vets Home, 43 Prince Street, Rachel Carter won first prize, Cynthia Fitzpatrick, center, is chairman, and Thelma Motley, right won second.

with high heels. Her legs were stock-
ingless and their rich amber color
brought out their shapeliness. She obvi-
ously wore little else save the dress be-
cause the beautiful lines of her body
stood out in bold relief. The breasts
were very prominent and full and men
stared at them hungrily as she passed.
The copper hue of her face gleamed un-
der the street lights as they passed the
crowded Hi Spot at West Street. A white
ribbon was drawn around the smooth
ebony hair that hung, shoulder length.

"You'll have to hide out at my place
for a while," the girl panted as she
hurried along. "Anyhow, why did you have
to stab him?"

The tall man looked fiercely at her,
as if in pain.

"I don't want nobody bothering 'round
with none of my women." His voice was
level, hard, unworried.

Again her luminous black eyes caught

his. There was something in them akin
to awe and hero worship of a man who
took another's life so calmly.

"It's a good thing," she said, "that
you're a stranger in town."

They paused in front of a ramshackle
dwelling as the girl looked up and down
the street hurriedly. Then she grabbed
the man's free hand and led him into
the dark hallway. The stench of the tene-
ment, greeted them from all around. The
man sniffed disgustedly but the girl was
evidently accustomed to the bad breaths
of the slums. She paused on the third
floor before a battered door and unlock-
ed it with her key. Light flooded the room
as she flipped a switch and she moved
swiftly to the windows to let down the
worn yellow shades.

Now the man had sat on the couch.

(Continued on page 25)

After Hour Murder

By HARRY B. WEBBER

I talked to the Rev. H. Beecher Jackson at 10:30 Saturday night at his home 109 - 13th Ave. soon after he was given a week-end of freedom by police in connection with the murder of his sexton Earl H. Wells, one of whose daughters is blues singer, Miss Rhapsody.

I was admitted to the house by Mrs. Jackson, pretty wife of the embroiled pastor. Just as I asked her where the pastor was, Rev. Jackson himself hurried into the house, carrying a newly pressed suit on a hanger.

The city was wild with rumors that night and one of them was that Rev. Jackson had been, himself, murdered out in Vaux Hall - - the reverse of the real fact. Before, I could tell him of that rumor he gave me a verbal lashing.



"The newspapers better watch what they write," he threatened. "Or I'll give them plenty of trouble."

I told him I only called to get the truth. He agreed he could not blame me for that. I then told him about the rumor he himself was dead. He smiled at this, then we walked back into his kitchen where Mrs. Jackson and another lady were eating.

I asked him what were the facts in the mass of wild rumor.

"Wells was bumped off out in Vaux Hall," he replied. "He was the sexton here. You can't blame me for that. They are trying to blame me because someone saw me riding in Detective Carlton Norris' car (Norris of the Homicide Squad).

"Now, if I am a pastor and a member or officer of my church makes an appointment with me and does not show up and then something happens to him to prevent his showing up you can't blame me for that."

I told him, no I could not.

The pastor then said it was a night of wild rumors and told me of another one which had swept the city.

"Of course there is nothing to any of it," he said of the rumors. He was very calm and unexcited the entire time. I gave him a copy of "After Hour" magaz-

LA TINA and DAVID

After Hour Murder

ine and he was much interested and said he would have some news for us from time to time.

I told him he had been the victim of many rumors during his Newark career and he agreed. He was hatless, as usual when he entered the house, and also later when he walked with me down the block to Smittie's gas Station at 13th Ave. and Wickliffe Street. Attendants and customers who had obviously also heard the rumors, stared at him.

He told me he had just changed clothes a short time before and he made this remark after reaching in his pocket for a paper and not finding it. He was cool, poised and vigorous.

Musicians Exchange

TOGGE SMYTHE and his four sounds furnish music for all occasions. 103 Central Ave., ORange 2-6596.

COCKTAIL UNITS, ORCHES-TRAS, ACTS - - Suburban Attractions, William Joseph Haythe, 189 Halsey St., Room 411, Newark, MITchell 2-6963.

RAY-O-VACS of "Travel On" and "Got Nobody to Love" fame can be reached at 23 Drift St., Newark, HUmboldt 5-9166.

Forget-Me-Not's

Wells, 70 was slain in the church study Friday night after he came there at 8 P. M. The two were involved in a bitter argument when Jackson says Wells drew an ice pick and the ice pick was plunged into Wells by accident when Jackson tried to get it from him. Here is the After Hour murder schedule.

Friday 7 P. M. - Rev. Jackson called Wells and asked him to come to the church study. At the same time Jackson had borrowed a trustee's car and parked it on 13th Ave. before the church. (Was this premeditation?)

8 P. M. Friday - Wells appears at church and they talk of the well known feuds and splits which have recently featured the church history. The ice pick is drawn as a climax.

(Continued on page 28)

Coming!

THE BLUE RIBBON MAN

By BILL JONES

Starts Next Week

Behind the Stick

By S. S. WILLIAMS

I was thinking that if the public is sincere in its regards for such firsts as Jackie Robinson in baseball, Buddy Young and Kenny Washington in football and Dr. Ralph Bunche in International Politics, it would not be a bad idea for each of them on each visit to the Novelty Bar the T-Bar and the Penn Bar to take the owners to the side and ask for one Negro behind the stick. IT CAN HAPPEN HERE. I don't know if you remember "Billy" Dawkins who has been a table hop at the Hi-Spot for quite some time. If not go by on the weekends and watch that boy work behind the stick. It'll really surprise you, in fact we didn't know he had it in him - he's quite a mixologist. (

Bob Nelson, one of Newark's leading stick-men is doing a

very fine job of promoting at the New Club Caravan, formerly Dodger's. He's got that well known Smily with him on the weekends. Once you walk in the door you can tell the difference in the atmosphere.

That well known Frank Carbery of The Caledonia Bar seems to be having a hard time convincing his patrons that he really understands the place. See he has been on the corner for 20 years.

After being out sick for sometime Bennie Robinson of the Half-Moon Tavern is back behind the stick. Once you walk into this tavern the boss Sid and Bennie make you feel like one of the family. Believe Me.

For those of you that determine success by a person's ability to own a snazzy automobile you should see Johnny Gramby of the Hi-Spot, and Leonard Whittle of the 3-Kegs in their new 1949 Dynaflores.

Behind the Stick

All of you Rahway fans who used to frequent the Palace Blue Room, will no doubt remember that personality-kid waiter Raymond Hayes brother of that well known Clarence. Well Raymond doesn't live there anymore. If you want to congratulate Raymond for the fine service he gave you at the Blue Room, look down by the Kinney Club. I'm sure you'll find him.

You all no doubt have read about that famous detective "Hawkshaw". Well he didn't have anything on our-well liked "Jacey" manager for Little Johnnie's Cocktail Lounge. The boys don't have a chance - if you know what I mean.

Some people call their father "Pop" because it is a form of endearment and they expect pop to do something for them. But "Pop" Durham of that well known nitery the Alcazar, is just a nick-name and the Bartenders are beginning to see that he's not their father only their boss.

There is a certain well known bartender at the Howard Bar who seems to have a taken



Bill Smith, bartender at High Spot

a sweet young thing, who lives on Stirling St., from Harold Wyatt Inspector of the Bartenders' Union. And his dues are always up to date. When they meet all that can be said is a cheery hello.

Now don't you folks laugh at Earl Barnes' Cadillac, you may be old yourself someday.

It is really good to know that Clarence Stewart of Bock's Tavern is in so good with the boss that the boss can't get along without him. I'm sure we all would like to have a job like that.

Talk about Bartenders being able to pick girls. There is a

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After Hours, 130 Wickliffe Street,
Newark, N. J.

Name

Street

City

(Continued from page 13)
personable stick man who has
a good eye for lovely girls es-
pecially the one who lives on
Livingston Street. She's got
that I call **class**. If I forgot
tell you who the bartender is,
he works at the Pic!

You would never believe it
but there is a bartender work-
ing at the Kinney Tavern on
Kinney St., who has the most
even disposition of any man
in the world. In fact I defy any-
one who can go in and get him
riled up' I am telling you the
man is so sweet that he could
have Ferdinand the Bull eating
out of his hand. I know you
don't believe me but his name
is Jack Pittman, formerly of the
Waverly Tavern. You don't
have to take my word for it see
for yourself.

Speaking of sweet personali-
ties, the owner of the Waverly
Tavern, Irving Bergerman
never blows his top. I've heard
of temperance and self-control
but it just doesn't seem possi-
ble that a person can be so nice
and talk so softly and continu-
ally keep a smile on their faces.
If personality was gold, Eng-
land would not be here asking
for some of the Marshall Plan-
they'd be asking for some of
Irving's Plan.



The crowd of nite-fitters get together in a big way every week end night after 2 and eat a late snack at Thompson's Restaurant on Market Street. Note celebs Togge Smythe and Pancho Diggs among group.

TINY PRINCE

TAN TOWN - - "After Hours! After Hours! After Hours!", echoing in the day and nite.... Be Boppers, socialites and gay chicks say it is the thing. So to keep abreast of the times get "After Hours" for a dime....Vernell Tillery and Elelcto Bynoe dining at Little Johnny's....Dr. Cooper of Belmont Ave. a real gone guy at the bop session with his party. Sally Carroll and party making a gay scene in the Bridge Club last eve.... Vets Reconditioning Club doing a grand job, a Teen Age talent Night....Doles Dickens opens at Cafe Society Sept. 29: Monk Harmon on piano, Sammy Hendricks on guitar .Lou Judge tenor. Joe Gregory drums and mas-

ter Doles at bass.... Send Bonnie Davis of Pipers a bunch of Roses: she was visited by the stork.

Will Danny Gibson's drummer boy rate in the Musician of the Year Contest!!! Gloria Robinson is no longer the feature act at Club Mombasi. Lodi, N. J.....why?....Bertha Lovery back home from Cleveland, Ohio and Kentucky where she vacationed. Mrs. Frances and daughter Crystal Jones are in Chicago driving that pretty Cadillac....where is pretty Phylliss Bell?....Leonard Hurd, the ballroom king. is still the heart-throb of many a chick....it's happy birthday to H. Fields and Joseph Stafford....'Tis like old times up at Laurel Gardens since the big time promoters have returned from the shore....



Yvonne Portee, member Elizabeth "One and Only Girl's Club" was one of their models in fashion show recently at Palace Blue Room in Rahway. She is a Barnes model.



Miss Cover Girl of '49 is 17 year old Laura Williams of 326 Ridgewood Ave., Newark, a John Barnes model.



Group of local girls now co-eds of Wilberforce University, Ohio.

Tiny Prince

Fashion Flash....Arthur Terry looking on these cool nights with a tweed two-piece suit, tan shoes, cream shirt and figured tie with gray hat....Hattie Myrick, biege and brown two-piece suit, Alice in Wonderland shoes, black shoulder



Togge Smythe and His Four Sounds

bag, night clubbing....PREDICTIONS: Abe Moore M. C. will be a knockout at Club Caravan Pancho Diggs will be the band of the year....Singer Ann Baxter will record a hit....Nackie Sackie Jackie and Fats will make a comeback.... Al Hart's "Spruce Street" will be one of the most talked about stories of the year, featured in this issue.

"After Hours" Calendar

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LLOYD'S MANOR

- Oct. 1 - - Les Femmes S. C.
- Oct. 8 - - Blue Ribbon Social Club
- Oct. 15 - - Antler Guard Dance
- Oct. 23 - - Birds of Paradise dance
- Oct. 29 - - Green Taxi Drivers' Dance
- Nov. 5 - - Lucky 12 Social Club dance
- Nov. 12 - - United Twelve dance
- Nov. 19 - - DeLuxe S. C. Ine. dance

- Nov. 26 - - Squire's Dance
 - Dec. 3 - - Les Bonnie Filles S. C. dance
- ### TERRACE BALLROOM
- Nov. 12 - - Four Keyes Dance
 - Nov. 13 - - Cosmetogists Guild
 - Nov. 19 - - 14 Pals
 - Nov. 20 - - Don Newcombe Testimonial Dinner
 - Dec. 26 - - Tweedsmen
 - Dec. 28 - - Cosmetogists

CLUB WORLD

By MELONEE JONES

THE SURBURBAN-ITES AND SQUIRES SOCIAL CLUB of East Orange had a lovely afternoon for their Cocktail Sip at Club Harold on Bloomfield Ave. Newark, N. J., Sunday, Sept. 18th....The first complimentary affair for both organizations really was an enjoyable one. Guests were entertained by "The Four Barons" while Jean Blanton, Betty Broadway, Betty Farrell, Lillian Brown, Lillian Keys, Brenda Burroughs, Beatrice Mitchell, Pauline Murphy, Lillian Pitts and Clare White members of Surburban-ites welcomed their many friends. Seen sipping....Edward Williams, Edward Porter and Samuel Williams of "Lordsmen Inc.", Vermell Tillery, Electra Byone and Rebecca Newby of "Eight Orchids, Inc." Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wells, and Mr. and Mrs. Robinson....

SURPRISE CLUB of New Jersey, surprised everyone last Saturday evening by being the first club to give their Fall Dance at the new Elk's Ballroom in Journal Square, Jersey City, N. J.....Amid the spacious ballroom eye-spied Moses

Jett, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Black, Mr. and Mrs. Orinton Hinton, Robert S. Sinclair, Harold Gibbs, Fred Martin, Marguerite Anderson, John Jackson, David W. Smith, Edna Smith, Royal Thomas, Lillian Giles, Nannie Daniels, Etheline Dove, Rodman Shields, June Dove, Harry Matthews, Leroy Jerome, Beatrice Jett, Lena Green, Alice Sinclair, Wilbert Warren, Daniel Taylor, Laudie Scott, Richard Martin, Mildred Brooks, Costella Coles, Georgia Boone, Grace Gray, Evelyn Milteer, Hortense Murphy, Theresa Sinclair, Christinia Shields, Helen Perry, Alberta Statham, and Maybelle St. Laurence....

THE PLATONS, INC. with irons on the fire getting ready for their first dance this fall.... Where and when it will be is still a secret, but you'll know the date soon....Remembering part in giving the benefit ball for the Community Hospital this should be a must on your list, so look forward to this gala event. I'll be there to see who's there.....

Whispers that the LES FILLES are also setting the stage for

(Continued on page 20)

Forget-Me-Nots

By THE OLD TIMER

(Mail in your memories of Old Newark)

The long line waiting to see the two-headed baby at Dabney's Funeral Home back in '32. members of the New Jersey Guard standing with guns to prevent photographers sneaking pictures of bodies being brought ashore from the Morro Castle, burned off Sea Girt. the gay Saturday night crowds on the H. and M. trains when they used to pull out of Park Place.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Lett making the rounds of night life in the past and quite popular. Atty. J. Mercer Burrell in blue outfit and beret at the big Shady Rest Tennis matches when he was national secretary. J. Finley Wilson and the late George E. Bates failing to speak to each other out in Orange one night. the old garden parties at the Dr. W. G. Alexanders.

When West Market was Bank Street, a long time ago and Dr. J. Otto Palmer was the most popular and eligible man in town. still popular but not eligible. when James H. Fultz used to hold court at Rufus Solomon's place at West Market and Wilsey.

The afternoons we used to spend on the big lake in Weequahic Park. and the mornings when the annual Bethany Boat Ride left the crowded pier. the organization meeting of the local Alpha

Phi Alpha chapter down on Washington Street: Dr. J. Ferdinand Williams presiding. and Ted Adams' place on Barclay Street in '37 with simply everybody there at one time or another.

When the late, vastly interesting Benjamin F. Selden first took over WPA Adult education here because he was a classmate of F. D. R. the many nights Atty. J. Bernard Johnson presided at the old Afro Club and showered reporters with tips on all the inside news. the Saturday afternoon Commissioner John B. Keenan dedicated the Archie Callahan monument in Harrison Park: what a speech, especially about the service flags in third ward windows. the day the first draftees marched away.

Don Newcombe the great pitcher being interviewed in the Eagles office on Crawford Street and proving quite bashful over the easy questions asked. the night the late Chas. Tyler was slain in the Avenel Tavern, and memories then of Tyler's when it first opened: the high and mighty of the area eating chicken without knives or forks; also Tyler when he used to stand in the Grand Hotel bar and discuss the conditions of the town. remember the pretty girls on West Market when Bethany left out Sundays; there are others just as pretty there now.

The weeks the O. D. B. girls came to town, from every town in the land and every shade of beauty, changing lives of the old-timers right and left. Dr. E. Mae McCarroll making her medical calls

Continued on page 28)

CLUB WORLD

(Continued from page 19)

an affair this season....Glad to know that the ESQUI-VOGUES are still in existence with great plans for the near future.....

Just learned that due to visits from the stork for a few members of THE EIGHT ORCHIDS, INC., they have temporarily disbanded....but will be back on the scene early next year.....

It seems that the names of many who attended the TWEEDSMEN'S AUTUMN NOCTURNE got lost in a shuffle in last week's edition(smiles) but it is never too late to mention the many guests and friends who were present.... among which included Teddy (Powell; prominent dance promoter, Clarence Hightower. editor of New Jersey Age, Henry Pryor, Seton Hall's football star Jersey City-ites Muriel Dickinson, Leon Ross, Doris Hinton, Nora Fleming, Moses Jett, Marcella Wallace and Hurley Fair, Vauxhall-ites, Zoma and Thomas Terrill, Jean Burchell, Faith Wilson, and Jane Scott. Coridean Green, Ruth Bryant of Perth Amboy, Morris Jones of North Carolina. Hattie Myricks, Dorothy Whittle and Marilyn Carroll of E. Orange, Frederick

Middleton, Herbert Smith, Phylliss Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Murray of Belleville, George Johnson, Billy Edwards, Amanda Hayes, Ellen Richards, Adeline Alexander, Fred and Larrie Stalks, Bill Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Murray of Hartford Conn., Christine Greene, Stella Lewis, Aron Saunders, Marietta Love, Harry Wheeler, Flora Whistiff, Irving Turner 1949 Candidate for City Commissioner, Edward Porter, Samuel Williams, Edward Williams, Julius Hewlett, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Montgomery, Marion Wilson, Fannie Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Groves, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, Tootie Squire, Dolly McIntyre and Bob McIntyre.....

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*Your
Hostess,*

Myrtle Simmons

QUEEN *Dee* TEA ROOM

15 South 13th Street
Newark, N. J.

CALLING THE ORANGES

By MOE JONES

LES FEMMES CLUB, Inc. gave first appreciation dance at LLOYD'S MANOR, Friday, Sep. 23....A postcard from Mrs. Holt of Amherst St. E. O. who is vacationing in California.... The Sportsmen's club had a time at Danish Picnic Grove, Sunday, Sep. 25.... Alumni House, under directors of public relations, Irvine I. Turner, Harry L. Wheeler.... Leroy Anderson and wife back after nine years away.... Mrs. Jerry McGee of Oak St. E. O., is looking for number two soon, a girl may-be?.... The bite shop is under new mgr. and the price of food is down.... E. O. taverns are trying to stay open an extra two hours. Taverns are petitioning now.... Newark's extra hour fight is put off until Oct. 9.... CLUB 15, won the TV set that was raffled off by the E. O. Veteran Club. They now have two tv sets.... Grace Brown back in Wilberforce. She will be a Doctor.... We have "Lost Boundaries" couple in East Orange.... National League champ's this year.... Joe Page and Jackie Robinson to win the most valuable player nod's in both lea-

gues. Newcombe and Sievers to cop the top rookie nominations.... Downbeat Club in Newark cut help already.... James Butler, manager of 42nd club in Orange is to marry soon. She has the ring.... East Orange and Orange boys are being sent away for the cure. Reefer's, that is.... The dentist on Amherst St., E. O. is getting a lot of good talk from people who had work done.... Bob Dorsey now at the 570 Club.... Chalky Wright ex-featherweight king is now Mae West's chauffeur.... Eral N. is still in hiding, not out of the red yet.... Once there was one barber shop in E. O. now there are three, my how time does fly.... Little Charlie Williams is still in hospital, hopes to be out soon.... A. Bumpass is back on good hunting grounds, after a few months.... Mr. and Mrs. Robert Corprew spent their vacation in Norfolk Va. visiting relations.... Barber Bell from N. Y. C. was visiting in Newark.... It may be next summer for Jack Howell and Eleanor Morton.... Bob Hunter manager Corprew tavern, planning an anniversary.... Oct. 12 Community hospital contest.... Union boss of local 386, sporting a fine Dynaflo Bunick, Jimmie Marshall.

REESE LA RUE ON THE HUCKLEBUCK

While rain drenched the town last Thursday night a strange scene was taking place at 19 Quitman Street, studio of the Applied School of Modelling.

Yes, you guessed. Someone was doing the Hucklebuck. But this time it was a master and he was demonstrating the dance to 14 of the prettiest models ever assembled in Newark

The man's name was Reese LaRue, exotic dancer of wide fame who has played in every top club in the east. LaRue was demonstrating to the fascinating models that the Hucklebuck can be decent.

LaRue says, that actually, the dance is not new.

"I did it back in 1947 with June Fletcher," LaRue recalls. "I called it the "Dance of Paris" For the part I wore the costume of a Lion."

LaRue is one of the instructors at the Applied School as well as a star on the dancing stage. He teaches interpretive dancing.

Son of Mrs. Ella Jones of 14

Calumet Street, LaRue began his career by winning an amateur contest at the Rivoli Theatre when 14. He was born in Pittsburgh but has lived here since the age of 4.

He made headlines in the past by refusing to accept Hollywood roles that would have made him a "clown". He has played Ocean Beach, N. H.; Clark Monroe's Uptown House, N. Y.; Park Casino, West N. Y.; Kinney Club, Cafe Superior, Lillian in New Haven, the Famous Door and Cameo Zanzibar in Newport News.

Meanwhile our examination of the Hucklebuck last week revealed it has gone underground. That is, its public performance has been banned, at least where ABC rights are involved. Instead the swankier parties now arrange to have a demonstration of the act in the privacy of homes.

This fact has opened up a lucrative avenue for experts of the dance.

After Hours public opinion poll on the dance is tending toward the belief that "it is OK if restrained", as one reader wrote. Contents of letters on the subject will be printed next week.



HUCKLEBUCK CAN BE DECENT

23

*Purdy's
Studio*

"The Rendezvous of
Regulars"
featuring
ENTERTAINMENT
every Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun.
with Newark's Outstanding
Combo

Milton Pittman,
Piano

Benny Robinson,
Saxophone

Pete Fields,
Drums

TELEVISION

The Hi Spot

166 W. Kinney St.
Newark

MA. 2-9721



Spruce Street

He had taken his hand from his pocket. It was clotted with blood for he had cut it when he stabbed the dead man, Speedy Roberts.

However, despite his pain he watched the girl hungrily as she hurried out of the room to a hall bathroom, fetched a basin of water, secured adhesive tape and bandages from a battered bureau drawer, bathed and applied iodine to the flesh wound. While she was doing this he stared at her shapely form as she crossed the room in an undulating walk that emphasized her rear. When she would move toward him the thin summer dress seemed about to burst as the prominent breasts strained at their confines.

Obviously, for the moment at least, even the memory of murder had vanished from his thoughts for they were all on her. Now she produced a fifth of Shenley whiskey from a closet and she brought two glasses. When she stretched to reach the closet shelf for the bottle her dress raised itself and her brown thigh gleamed at him under the light and he sat on the edge of the couch and suddenly smiled in a lufsluf way and said to himself:

"Go-od Damn!"

She looked back at him and she also smiled and her teeth were white and perfect and there was laughter in her eyes and it was wicked too. There were two

wicked people in that rude room, two filled glasses on the table, a bed that could hold two people easily and two minds with one thought.

Both drank their first drink, and soon another and another following. They were sitting side by side on the couch. Her legs were carelessly crossed, her dress revealed the inviting thighs. Suddenly he reached across with his injured hand and drew her to him. At the same time he glanced at the injured hand as if in annoyance that he could not use it too well. But when he kissed her roughly and she responded hotly and passionately and as their tongues met in his mouth he forgot all about the injured hand.

"Darling - - my darling", she cried. Suddenly.

(Continued next week)

Before "After Hours" Have a
ARTISTIC HAIR-DO

at

Orchid
Beauty Salon

Prop. LUCILLE LEWIS

Mitchell 2-8952

121 West St., Newark, N. J.

THE LATE ROUND-UP

By THE RINGSIDER

At the Howdy Club last Tuesday night Bill Cook, the disc jockey singing two numbers and Mr. Google Eyes tearing the house down with New Orleans blues.. also Kitty Madden enroute to Canadian tour. She is soloist with Bert Seagrace and His Lads, who currently are wowing them at Asbury's Palm Gardens with Harold Ford on piano, Joe Thomas tenor, Hop Shelby, drums and Joe Howard bass. Also Gus Young and band, featured at Howdy.

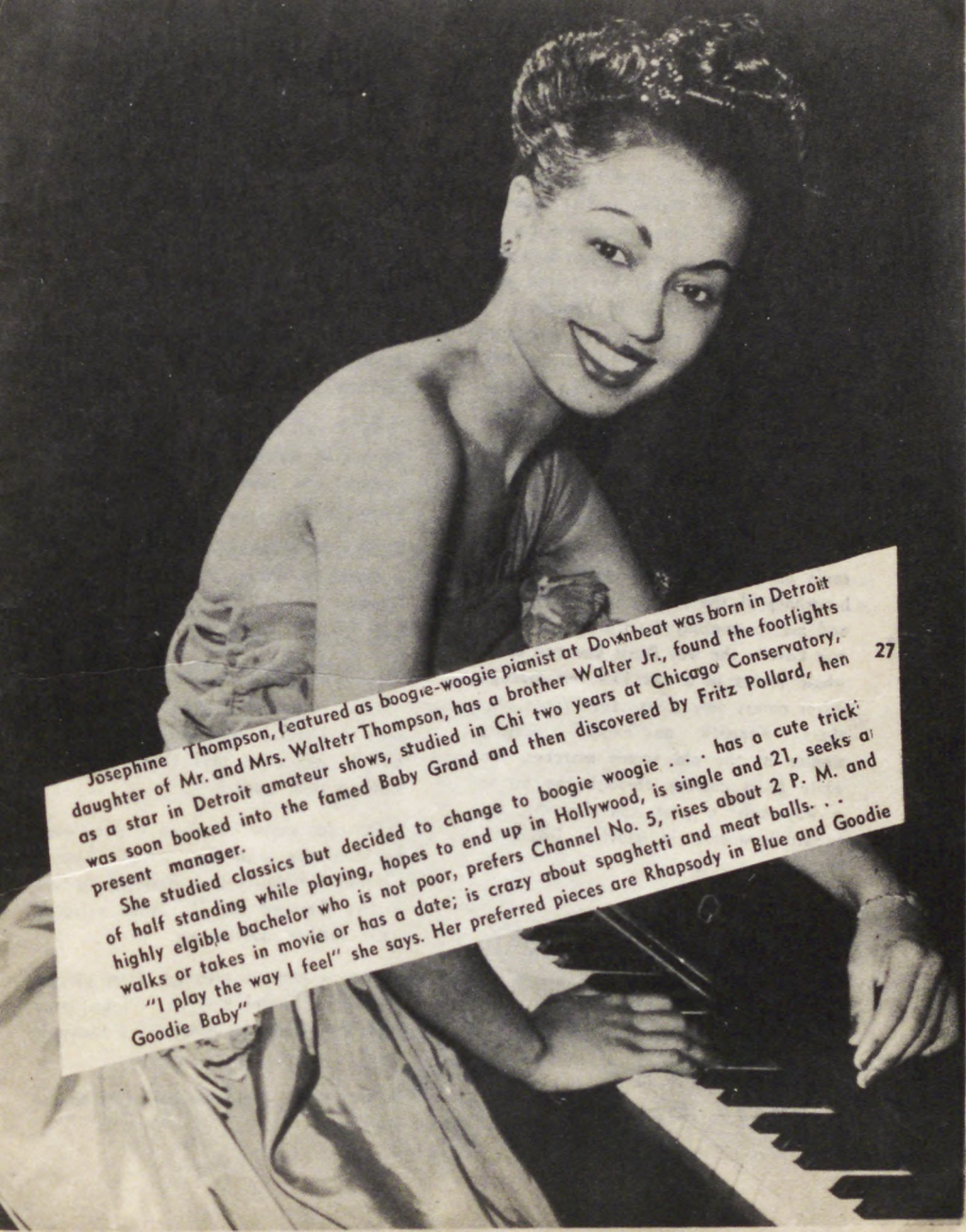
Amie Garrison, the original Sweetheart of Rhythm, feature of "Three Chucks and a Chick" at the streamlined Howard Bar at Springfield and Howard.. Reese LaRue, the contortionist dancer, from down neck, arranging music one day on the bar of the Keyhole Club on Pacific Street and telling of his entry with Al Hart in the Applied School for Modelling at 19 Quitman Street.. the Most Popular Musician Contest clicking with votes coming in every mail.

Fritz Pollard, famed gridiron man of the old days, now at Downbeat every night where his staff of night life talent is playing.. Charles Underhill, now at the Palace Blue Room, when not taking pictures, telling us at a picnic recently that he and Miss Rhapsody Underhill

were quietly divorced 18 months ago.. Arthur Morton, among the first ten eligibles in town, noted at the Downbeat Friday.. Larry Darnell, fresh from New Orleans, another blues singer of Regal Record fame, friend of "Google Eyes" and both noted later in the gay party of which blonde Gloria Jenkins, the singer, was a member.

Angel-face Jean Brown, the fotog, so calm amid exciting scenes.. the Tweeds-men's election of officers last week. See results elsewhere.. Rod Jones and Hayes Lambert running things at the Dug-Out Bar, its name soon to change.. old raucous, gay, loud exciting atmosphere of Graham Building gone forever.. Masons have changed tone completely.. John Barnes, the model man and promoter, of 188 Belmont manages the popular Calypso Serenaders.. Marie Gordon on drums, Joe Gaines, guitar, Lee Thomas, morroco, Billy Henderson, claves.

Don't forget Bartenders Jam this Thursday night, Sept. 29 at Caravan Club with Inez Washington, Smoky McAllister, Sonny and Suntania and other stars; Bob Nelson and Smiley Cosby in charge..



Josephine Thompson, featured as boogie-woogie pianist at Downbeat was born in Detroit daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thompson, has a brother Walter Jr., found the footlights as a star in Detroit amateur shows, studied in Chi two years at Chicago Conservatory, was soon booked into the famed Baby Grand and then discovered by Fritz Pollard, her present manager. 27

She studied classics but decided to change to boogie woogie . . . has a cute trick of half standing while playing, hopes to end up in Hollywood, is single and 21, seeks a highly eligible bachelor who is not poor, prefers Channel No. 5, rises about 2 P. M. and walks or takes in movie or has a date; is crazy about spaghetti and meat balls. . . "I play the way I feel" she says. Her preferred pieces are Rhapsody in Blue and Goodie Goodie Baby"

Forget-Me-Nots

(Continued from Page 19)

in the third ward late at night with not the slightest fear. .the late Flingy Brown and popular Rudy McCoy palling around . .Sgt. Marcus H. Cooke in uniform crossing Broad and Market. .Prosper Brewer's dramatic speeches when he started his first fight for third ward chairman.

Bill Malloy, the publisher, tapping out little news items in the old N. J. Guardian Office before he became the highest paid newspaperman. .Tiny Prince dancing near the bandstand in the old Krueger's Auditorium and a big crowd watching. .a hot night at Asbury's Hotel Carver and Dr. J. Hyland Reid, now of Plainfield playing a song. .George Thompson's great column "Along the Avenue" breathing of the Park's Springwood Ave. and his fascinating description of "Summer Love" .the way Davis Lee can cover whole states in a car like the average driver covers only cities. .the Worde brothers, Kenneth and "Happy" playing singles at the old tennis matches, the white balls curving through the air in a way only a poet can describe. .the beautiful women in playboy Dilworth's life.

"LOOKING STRAIGHT"

BY

Evelyn Boyden

APPEARS
NEXT ISSUE !!

After Hour Murder

(Continued from page 11)

9 P. M. - Jackson drags Wells' body out the church into the car. There are reported witnesses to this. He drives to City Hospital for aid for Wells but now finds him dead.

10:30 - Jackson drives around Union City with the body and then leaves it in the lot adjoining Cuttino's Springwood Bar and Grill in Vaux Hall.

10:50 P. M. Fri. - Jackson then enters the car of another well-known figure at Barclay and Somerset Streets and is driven home.

12:50 A.M. Saturday - the body of Wells is found by William Crass and Clarence Glover.

1:00 A. M. - Union and Newark police get on the job to solve the murder.

Later Saturday a clue, said to have been a baseball bat, was found in the church, indicating that Wells was both stabbed and beaten.

Saturday night - Jackson is questioned by Homicide men Sgt. Joseph Kinney, Carlton G. Norris and Prosecutor's Detective George Meagher then released until further questioning.

Sunday - Jackson preaches from subject "Love" - - Corinthians VI - "faith, hope and love and the greatest of these is love"

Sunday night - Jackson confesses to the murder.

WHO IS THIS PERSON?

(Last week's mystery man: Henry Graham, the promoter)

Our subject this week is a woman. Several years ago she entered business on 18th Ave., and prospered. She has always been noted as one of the town's best dressed women. She was also one of the first to buy a house on Newark's "Berkeley Square". The promoter of many successful night life events in the past she may be planning a similar venture in the future.

She has never had any difficulty getting publicity and stands well with all the newspapers. She possesses a rich

personality but also carries an air of interesting detachment. You see her at all the smarter affairs of both upper crust and night life nature. She has a very pleasant voice and is easy to talk to. The voice has a peculiarly exciting quality and she is always surrounded by friends and admirers.

She also has a shrewd business sense, is in love with her husband who is away much of the time. She has no children but has been a great aid to underprivileged children. We forgot to mention her smile,

(Continued on page 30)

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WE SELL "AFTER HOURS"

BERKLEY SWEET SHOP

MRS. ELIZA. MAXWELL.
Proprietor

182 BERKLEY PLACE
VAUXHALL, N. J.
PHONE

UNIONVILLE 2-8179



Who is this Person?

(Continued from Page 29)

which lights up a room. She has probably led a very happy life in her struggle to reach the top, because she is a bundle of energy.

She owns a large house and, maybe, other properties. We don't recall that she drives a car. Her profession is one that is very prominent. Recently she had a trace of illness, but that is over. At times she seems eternally on the move.

She knows personally many top stars of the stage and screen and has as much social contact in New York as in Jersey. She is undoubtedly in the money. One of her other cha-

racteristics is her hairdos, and no one is better qualified to fix them.

She has also been in contests. Photos of her winning such contests show that she possesses a very good form and is made to wear a bathing suit. She is also extremely immaculate and we don't believe we have ever seen a strand of hair or a bit of clothing disarrayed. In the past her picture has often been in the newspapers. She probably has more admirers than she is aware of.

Despite her activity she leads a rather quiet personal life. Her hobbies we do not know, but would guess a principal one to be reading magazines. Who is this person? See next week's issue.

Coming Oct. 7th 8th 9th
5-Star Revue

The **DOWNBEAT** CLUB *presents*

Mantan "Birmingham" Moreland
Star of Stage Screen Radio
Direct from Paramount Theatre
BABY JOYCE

Comdiene, Dancer, Singer
Comedy Dance Team
PALMER and BARNES

MILDRED ANDERSON
Appollo Recording Artist
JIMMY WRIGHT and his all star
combo featuring Count Basie's
tenor sax man.

149 MEEKER AVENUE
(Opp. Weequahic Park)
Newark, N. J.

